The SCEPTRE

May 1932

Dedicated to

THE SENIORS

The SCEPTRE

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by Elizabeth Blair

TO OUR SENIORS

A farewell message to a senior class is an occasion of joy and sorrow. How happy we are that you have reached the goal toward which you have been striving. How sad we feel in knowing that it will carry you from the college of which you have been a real and sustaining part. How we rejoice that you go with crowding memories of all that college gives to its favored daughters: Friendships, the unrivaled friendships that only the leisure of college days can bring; hours of play together when you learned to value each other's powers and glory in each other's achievements; class periods where the treasures of the past, the dreams of the future opened before you until the light that never was on sea or land shone in your eyes as like another Keats you stood "Silent upon a peak in Darien"—all these are yours. How gladly would we add to the store.

Yet much as we would, we dare not bid you linger. There is a larger life outside your college doors. In it you must play your part, remembering that the world rightly lays heavy demands upon the college bred. As you are the heirs of the ages, so, it says, you are the debtors to the present and the future. Make the most of yourselves, it urges, not for yourselves alone, but rather as sharers of the heritage that is yours. To this high calling, we who have known and shared with you four, happy, busy years bid you God speed. To the new life—hail; to the old—farewell.

by Frances Johanson, '32

CLASS POEM

The Blue and Gold

Like the glow of a parting sun
As it sinks in a western sky;
Like the perfume of fading flowers
As they breathe before they die;
So, the parting of our classes
As they mingle one by one
With the crowd of a rushing world
In the face of a task undone.

Nobility and truth,
The cry of the youth
Of the Class of Thirty-two;
Long may it be
Our pledge of loyalty
To you, our college true.

Like the dawn of a new-born day
Which gleams on an eastern strand;
Like the budding of a new-blown flower
As it bends above the sand;
So our going will be happy
With our banner flinging out,
We will live for truth and honor
And put the foe to rout.

Nobility and truth—
Signs of old gold;
Pledge we our youth
Long to uphold,
Our friendships too,
Honor true-blue,
And love for our college true.

by Nina Morris

SALUTATORIAN SPEECH

Dr. Frazer, Dr. Byrd, Dean McLean, Members of the faculty, Alumnae, Friends:

In behalf of Queens-Chicora College and the Senior Class, I bid you all a cordial welcome to the Class Day and graduation exercises of the Class of 1932.

For four long years—as we thought when we started our college course—we have looked forward to this day which would mark the crowning of our efforts with success.

Our college career has been a most pleasant and enjoyable one, although there were times when it seemed to us as if we were having mighty hard sailing. Through all our difficulties we were always sure of your support. Dr. Byrd, Dr. Frazer, and Dean McLean were always there to help us out. We owe a great deal to our teachers, who stood constantly by us, pushing, urging, and helping us to reach this happy yet sad day. In the activities of the class and the college we have all worked together and were rewarded with the accomplishment of our purpose.

These four years of college life have been most helpful and enjoyable for us. Now when we have reached the time when our goal, which we set for ourselves four years ago, has been reached, we cordially welcome all to rejoice with us at our graduation.

by Mary Louise Thomas

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

I took a long trip in an auto
And noticed several things about roads:
The best ones are those having good foundations
And good surfaces;
The rough stretches make you appreciate
The smooth ones;
The most interesting are those with many
Curves and hills;
The hills flatten out when you come to them;
But every good road leads somewhere . . .
I think that a life must be something like
A road.

by "Larry".

Our road has led us over rough stretches, around sharp curves, up hills to the end of a college career and a degree. And now that the time has come for us to take a new road we look back on the old and recall its dangers, and its rough places.

We began to follow this hazardous road early in the fall of 1928. Hiding our feeling of inferiority we wandered over the strange grounds becoming familiar with buildings and our fellow travelers. We felt very much lost until Frances Johanson made us a map to follow and soon we knew that the Bible class met in the large room just outside of the library, the Biology class in the science building, and that the little bell that Jenny rings means that we must not be late for chapel or Dr. Fraser will whistle.

Just as we were beginning to be fully acquainted with the road a bus full of Sophomores wrecked us and without offering any apology made us walk the

campus with bleeding foreheads, bloody noses, and ragged apparel. To avenge ourselves we swiped their spare tire, the Sophomore flag, and buried it. Having recovered our dignity and feeling fine we approached the hill of privileges and guided by Miriam Dameron petitioned aid. Dr. Fraser and Miss McLean came to our aid and said we might travel in groups of threes in Myers Park. As this was the first time the Freshmen had ever crossed the Hill of Privileges we felt progress was being made. Near the end of the first stretch finances needed replenishing so we stopped at a wayside inn and gave a cabaret. Our new idea was so successful we were able to comply to tradition and gave the Juniors a breakfast at the Practice House. After driving over the rough corduroy road of Freshmen final exams the bus was in need of repairs so it was put in the shop until the fall of 1929.

Then it was taken out again to be driven by Betty Holland. We, too, like the former Sophomores felt a litle reckless and scattered the new Freshmen right and left as hit and run drivers are apt to do. At the end of the week, however, all was forgiven; and we celebrated with a kid party in honor of our victims. Our first blow-out came a little later. The South Carolina Glee Club galantly stopped and helped us to mend it. Then, for a while we followed the road carefully pursuing theorems, formulas, essays, and acquiring originality with which to take the prize from the Juniors on stunt night. At the end of the second stretch of our road another bus line consolidated with ours. The new company became known as Queens-Chicora.

As we again took up the road our number was increased by loyal members of the Chicora bus line. We had not traveled far when our bus driver, Betty Hol-

land, took on a hitch-hiker and deserted us. We, however, found a capable and faithful driver, Miriam Dameron, to steer our course until the end of the journey.

We ran out of finances about mid way. The Duke Glee Club came along and hauled us in. Now, we were ready for the Junior-Senior Prom. It was a gala affair, a prom beneath a guaranteed moon and an elaborate banquet in the dining room. It was then our turn to be feted. The Freshmen gave us a breakfast at the Mayfair Manor. We had now come to the end of our third stretch. An excursion for daisies with which to honor the outgoing seniors was made, and a banquet in the caps and gowns was enjoyed before taking the much needed rest prior to entering Seniorhood.

At last only a short stretch of road separated us from the end of our journey! There were many attractions on every side, but there was time for only a glimpse. We now stopped for refreshments at the Senior table, and one evening donned our mark of dignity and banqueted in style. We petitioned for additional senior privileges so that our speed might be increased. We could now speed about the country enjoying an additional class cut when our work was creditable. For a while the class was restricted in freedom by the rough road of practice teaching. Miss Blair helped us to dodge many of the holes, though some seemed to enjoy the bouncing of the springs while others were left black and blue. Soon that stretch emerged into a smooth plain and many social activities.

The day students under Dorothy Edmonson feeling indebted to the boarders for improving their room gave a tea. The faculty stopped us and showed what

charming hosts and hostesses they could be. The Juniors entertained us with a Prom and Cabaret while reminding us all the while that it was Friday the thirteenth. As we drew nearer the end of the road we were stopped frequently for refreshments at luncheons, buffet suppers, and teas.

All these pleasant things did not cause us to forget how rough the road had been at times, so we had part of it paved that it might be easier for the future travelers. Then it seemed wise to assure ourselves of some future travelers. We sponsored a tea with Miss Blair's assistance in honor of the girls of the senior class of Central High.

Now class day has come and the end is here. What new road shall we take up?

by Dorothy Edmonson

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

of the Senior Class of Queens-Chicora College, Charlotte, N. C., May, 1932

We, the class of 1932 of Queens-Chicora College, in the city of Charlotte, the county of Mecklenburg, the state of North Carolina on this, the thirtieth day of May in the year of our Lord, 1932, being of supposedly sound and sane mind, in spite of declaration of various faculty members to the contrary, do, both individually and collectively, will and bequeath several of our most valued possessions to diverse and sundry members of the incoming senior class of our beloved school. We hope that with the aid of these gifts they may show their ability by passing through the coming years as well as we have done. We further hope that all students—no, pupils, will realize just how great a sacrifice we are making and will ponder diligently upon such benefits as we in our graciousness, have condescended to bequeath.

1. I, Miriam Dameron, do will and bequeath to Jane Renfrow, my successor as president of the senior class, my generous disposition and untiring energy.

2. I, Mary Reid Martin, with joy and thanksgiving do leave to the treasurer of the class of '33 my little book entitled "How to Collect Dues from Senior Day-Students" in order that she might learn how to produce a good sob story to obtain money, and finally send a committee of four to waylay them.

3. I, Frances Johanson, in willing my job, it can't be called a position, of editor-in-chief of the Edelweiss to Mary Young, who allowed herself to be imposed on, do will and bequeath with a great deal of

sympathy and also a great deal of encouragement two things:

1. A grind stone to sharpen her wits upon to enable her to think up something new everyone looks for in an annual.

2. Last but not least a pale-shaded light to show people their pictures under so that they will appear more flattering and consequently more satisfactory.

4. I, Margaret Lillard, do will and bequeath to June Tweed my ability to pop gum, so that the rest of the seniors will be able to agree on at least one subject, that is: resolved that anyone who chews gum ought to be drowned.

5. I, Annabelle Smith, leave my swee disposition and charming smile to Martha Martin.

6. I, Elizabeth Earnhardt, do bequeath my office as free taxi cab for practice teachers and public dray for the entire school to the next student who has no more will power to resist than I.

7. I, Virginia Knee, bequeath to Amy Hodges my attitude of thoughtful meditation and calm, impressive silence which so easily impresses the teachers and hope that this deceiving pose may improve her scholastic standing as much as it has mine.

8. I, Marybeth Purvis, do will and bequeath to Bunny Reid my queenly air and stately grace and feel assured that she will make as regal a queen as I.

9. I, Janet Cummings, do leave to all underclassmen my western brogue, which I have discarded in order to take a Southern drawl back to the Colorado cowboys.

10. I, Mary Louise Thomas, leave my ability to bluff and vamp Mr. Kennedy to Emily Cooper. He admires the persevering guesser and the flirtatious eyes which add much to the gayety and charm of the study of ancient history.

11. I, Catherine Lipe, do will and bequeath to Edith Storm my studious disposition and unconquerable spirit of determination which may enable her to pass her senior studies as well as I.

12. I, Cornelia Able, leave my way with the opposite sex to Nell Whitworth, hoping this gift will bring her as much success as it has me.

13. We, Liz Beckman and Luelle Meares, leave our little book "How to Vamp High School Boys" to Ann Clegg and Caroline Lillard, desiring that they read it earnestly and throughly.

14. We, Iris Bryson, Margaret Johanson, and Mary Ruth Martin leave our ability to entertain the men of the Charlotte civic clubs to the next noisy trio and wish for them as much fun as we have had.

15. To those inclined to be negligent in matters pertaining to finance we, the senior class, leave those delightful little tete-a-tetes with Miss Winnie Frazer —Yes, Jennie, you told me yesterday.

16. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

1. We, the senior class, leave to Miss Turnipseed, our sponsor, our continued love and thanks for her kindness and untiring help.

2. To all members of the faculty and to all school officers the class of '32 gives their farewell and thanks. We appreciate your help along our hard

road of study and feel we are indeed privileged to have worked under you.

3. We, the practice teachers, leave to next year's practice teachers our Miss Blair, knowing we are leaving you the best gift we have.

4. Lastly, we bequeath all happiness and good luck to those we leave behind in our alma mater.

Signed and sealed by me this thirtieth day of May, 1932.

Dorothy Edmonson.

Witnessed by:
Pauline Hawley
Catherine Jones

by Margaret Johanson

PROPHECY OF CLASS OF 1932

Time: Unknown
Place: The Pearly Gates

I had climbed the last weary steps to Heaven and stood trembling before the gates; but when I saw St. Peter's smiling face, I took courage.

"Come right in, Miss Maggie," he said to me with due respect for my snow white hair. "You have been a faithful school teacher for lo, these many years, and that alone would make you eligible for entrance; but your loyalty to your class is a big factor, and as a reward, I am going to let you sit at my desk with me and help me, for I see a horde of Queens-Chicora 1932 graduates in the distance."

Overjoyed I took my place beside St. Peter, adjusted my spectacles, and as I sat down I recalled that at our last class meeting we unanimously voted and made a sacred vow to support the idea of a career for all; and to us marriage was taboo. As St. Peter opened the Great Book, we remembered how this class tradition was to decide their entrance into Heaven, and the first of our class stood before us.

Cornelia Able—was in love with Leo but in loyalty to her class had given him up. Noble Cornelia!

Miriam Dameron—had also planned to get married. But, she taught Home Economics for awhile and was so successful that the Prince of Wales asked her to be the head lady in his Royal Kitchen, so she gave up Badger for a career.

Abigail Gregory had been sitting all these years in a rocker on her front porch still waiting for that school superintendent to offer her that position. As

an avocation she was chief adviser to the new construction engineer on the Kershaw Subway.

Mary Louise Thomas had become the highest woman official on the National Press Association. Her duties comprised visiting the campuses of colleges all over the nation and getting the day students to buy annuals. She had become so proficient in her work that she was given the position for life.

Rupert Perry and Jessie Smith had gone into the movies, but contrary to custom, neither of them married and so remained loyal.

Who would ever have thought Mary McChesney would have been disloyal to anything at Queens-Chicora! Mary got married the next Fall after gradution, and there were her nine children awaiting entrance too. Too bad, Mary!

Mary Ruth McQueen, alias Dorothy Nix, was writing a newspaper column for the benefit of the lovelorn, a most commendable career.

Nina Norris had been appointed chief cheerleader for the U. S. Army and had made that her life work.

Elizabeth Hoyle in spite of what people said remained loyal and was still head of the Latin Department in the metropolis of Belmont. In recognition of her intelligence and work, Columbia University had bestowed upon her an honorary Ph. D.

Virginia Knee, rather than desert her class, gave up the idea of ever living in Virginia, but still made weekly trips up there to see the beautiful scenery.

Too bad for Evelyn Koonce! She's happily married.

Margaret Cathey had been a member of Queens-Chicora faculty for many years. This made her very eligible for entrance.

Kathleen Gaston had devoted her life to be the head of the institution for the care of lost or strayed cats, mice, and ants. Her tender care early gave her cause to be promoted to the head of this organization.

Mary Beth Purvis was superintendent of the Purvis Old-Maid's Home and has done her best to stimulate loyalty in her classmates. However, she only succeeded in getting Lib Thompson, Sara Spratt, Catherine Jones, and Helen Fishburn to live with her.

Marguerite Brown, fearing the wrath of the few remaining seniors, disregarded class traditions and on the afternoon of graduation, fled to York and was married.

Edna Rowell also lost entrance by getting married.

Pauline Hawley and Mary Ivey Smith had been proclaimed the nation's champions in the mile run— and high jump, respectively. They had held the international record for over twenty years and were pursuing other records.

Dorothy Hodges and Louise Hoover were owners of the largest permanent wave shop in New York City and had remained loyal to the class.

Annie Belle Smith had been holding out all these years, but had recently given up all hope and had made her application to Mary Beth's Home.

Margaret Lillard accidently took a science course once in Summer School and now she had become the most distinguished and authoritative doctor in the United States.

Evelyn Ervin's greatest achievement, that of giving an organ to her Alma Mater, was overshadowed by the fact that she defied class traditions and was married.

Harriet Guerin succeeded in being loyal to the class while teaching school for several decades on a distant cannibal island, but on her return to civilization she succumbed to the idiea and got married.

Dorothy Edmonson had been appointed by the governor of North Carolina to chaperon all Press Conventions and found the job so likable that she made it her life work.

Elizabeth Earnhart was chief engineer in a hosiery factory whose only production was socks, promoted largely through the efforts of Lib.

Fredna Shockley had been appointed by U. S. President Fleming as chairman of the National Committee on Junior-Senior Proms. She served in this capacity for a number of years, during which time the nation enjoyed prosperous times.

Ainslee Alexander and Adelaide Reid had had a double wedding and were both living in Concord. They couldn't even be persuaded to spend a week-end out of Concord.

Luelle Meares was made Dean of Boys at Central High School just after her graduation and has held the position to the present day.

Helen Darrone was chief Librarian of the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C. It was quite an unusual fact that she spent her week-ends in Charlotte.

Fannie Martin and Frances Johanson were quite worn out after dragging their ball and chain up the weary steps. Twenty years in the Atlanta Pen for failure to pay for the 1932 annual and then they had the penalty doubled because they were leaders in the campaign for a separate Federal Prison for Editors and Business Managers! Their career did not save

them for they both fell in love with the Editor and Business Manager of the Davidson Annual—Davidson, Duke, or State—the records aren't very clear.

Mary Reid Martin for many years conducted tours to Europe. Her divorced husband, Richard Halliburton, was in the same work, and the captains managed to get them to wave to each other as their ships passed.

Mary Armstrong had married the governor of Tennessee and afterwards ran for office against him, causing family contention.

Iris Bryson was chief operator in the New York City telephone exchange. As an avocation she sometimes played her jew's harp over the radio. She remained loyal to her class.

Mada Brown was Iris' under-study and hoped some day to learn how to run the telephone exchange.

Martha Carnes became a successful country doctor. She was often seen galloping along a country road on horseback, her only means of transportation. A noble life, but she was falling in love.

Louise Cleveland was married, but she still managed to write to Mada about once every six months.

Sara Wallace ran a bus on Fifth Avenue in New York. She found it difficult to drive and collect fares at the same time, but had managed to stick it out in loyalty to the class.

Janet Cummings was senator from Colorado and shared an office with Fredna in the Senate Building.

Martha Dixon and Marion Duncan were successfully married with no respect for class traditions.

Margaret Todd and Anna Wade Bagwell were joint owners of the world's largest Biological Supply House, located at Owl's Eye, South Carolina.

Alice McLaurin and Julia Reid were running a kindergarten in Reidsville for children of governors, senators, etc.

Liz Beckman was called to New York to be chief announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System because she afforded the nation so much amusement.

Katie Belle McLean, poor thing, was a farmer's wife and was in charge of his chicken farm.

Catherine Lipe married a missionary and devoted her life to teaching the natives how to play hop scotch. This latter compensates for her marriage and makes her eligible for entrance.

Just as St. Peter and I were closing the Book, Emma Gregg Witherspoon came in breathlessly. "Please wait for Mafalda," she pleaded, "she's coming now, late as usual." We looked down and saw Mafalda Wilson climbing up wearily. When she reached the gates she said they had just come in from Asheville. Emma Gregg and Mafalda had remained true to the class but couldn't resist their weekly trip to Asheville.

St. Peter and I locked the pearly gates for the night. I was proud of the loyalty of my class, but I knew it would turn out that way, for hadn't they been the most loyal class at Queens-Chicora!

by Catherine Jones, Giftorian

SENIOR GIFT

We, the class of 1932, recognize as the days pass by, the wholesome influenct which Queens-Chicora has afforded. As we go out in life, if we but live and think nobly and purely, we shall realize that our virtues and capacities have been cultivated and nurtured within the walls of a splendid institution. Whatever rich fruits we bear, we shall realize that in a large measure they were made possible by the influence of spiritual, mental, physical, and social instruction received at Queens-Chicora in association with classmates and under the guidance of the President, Dean, Trustees, and Faculty. We shall daily regard these influences as priceless gifts and cherish them throughout life.

As a class, we hope that we, in turn, have left an imprint within the domains of this Institution. We hope that for the abundance of training and uplift received here, we may have left some favorable word or deed to reciprocate, even though it may be in small proportion. If in some measure we have been a means of inspiration and spiritual development, our stay here will not have been in vain. Furthermore, it is our desire that in the future we may do great things and lay our praise at the feet of our Alma Mater. We know that you will not forget us when we pass on, but in order that you may have a direct reminder of our class we have left this material gift, a paved walk way. Our class has widely chosen this walk to present to the college, not only for use and enjoyment of students and of others, but, also, as a symbol of our constant love and devotion. It is a symbol of hope, learning, and ambition. Though it leads just to col-

lege, it takes us to the halls of superb instruction, where we may gain knowledge. If we but walk this simple way with hope in our hearts, and with an alert mind, we shall walk a greater path which winds intricately throughout the world. On this greater path we shall find opportunities for service. How can we find this path which spreads out into the wide avenue of outer life, unless we have walked this simple way?

"Though this path leads just to college,
Still it bears a depth of knowledge,
She who walks this simple way,
Will find a greater path some day."

by Frances Johanson

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

(Valedictory Address)

What is your life? It is as a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away.

Life, a vapour? Each individual life is a tiny speck of mist rising out of the east, gathering in volume until it hovers over a mountain-top and breaks into myriads of drops which fall to water the earth, and then a portion—nothing but a vapour—vanishes into the great western unknown. But that mountain-top is its glory; there it finds its purpose: to break, to be scattered by the winds of chance, to give life to the verdure which covers the earth, to melt into that vast unknown not realizing its work is ended, not considering that the world could not grow without its refreshing elixir. So also is the life of a class. Begun four years ago as mere individual entities not realizing the task that lay before, its members merged into one great unity and reached that mountain-top—the glorious height of usefulness in the Senior Year—and battling against the rough sides of circumstance, guided by God-driven winds of purpose, we break loose from that bond of fellowship which holds us together and each student gives back to the world from which she came, a new life full of responsibility, purposing to give to the peoples of the world our part in the great work that lies out there; we become world citizens giving the world our lives, our hopes, our joys.

So few people can comprehend that college life, even in these days of enlightenment, is still a privilege; it is always a privilege to experience the inspiration gained

on a mountain-top and surely no one can deny that college gives us that.

But to be more particular; what can be more glorious than four years spent under the roof of Queens-Chicora College, under the constant guidance of those interested in what we make of our lives, under the watch and care of our God for whose glory this college was established? None finer can be found in the land and when we leave our Alma Mater it is hard not to experience regret at parting from that we hold most dear. We look back in after years and know that without that mountain height we would not have found our way in the world, would not have known all the joy of remembering the happy hours spent within the portals of wisdom, truth and love.

We go down from the mountain, sadness at parting mingling with the joy of serving the world. We part, entrusting to those who follow us our hope that they, too, may experience all, and more, of the life of fellowship which we hold so sacred; that they may cherish the ideals we have tried to uphold; that they may live, until they reach the crest of college life, as faithful members of a glorious organization; that they may support the work of making Queens-Chicora College the best of the Southland; and that they may go out, as we, with bowed heads before all those who have labored to make us something in the life which is before us.

To those others we must leave behind, to Dr. Frazer who has helped us through all our trials and sorrows, who has rejoiced with us in all our happiness, to him who is the faithful fortress which stands the battling of the winds and vapour, we express our deepest appreciation, our heartiest wishes for many successful years in the service, and our parting love. To those

who have aided us in matters of learning, who have guided us in the paths of honor and truth, and who have led us now to the gateway of life, to the faculty, we pledge our love and honor which is expressed in the colors of our class: blue and gold.

The blue mist comes out of the east to break into golden drops of rain which gleam and sparkle, and brighten the earth into one glorious LIFE.

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